



CIRCULATION
488,051
(Week Day Average)
LAST WEEK

The

"Circulation Books Open to All."



EVENING EDITION

World

"Circulation Books Open to All."

CIRCULATION
340,075
(No Evening Edition)
LAST SUNDAY



PRICE ONE CENT.

THE • TURKEYS • OF • GREAT • MEN.



(From Yesterday's Last Edition.)

IN JAIL FOR A NAME.

An Innocent Man Spends Thanksgiving Behind Bars.

Just Because His Name Was Like That of Another Man.

He Says He Never Heard of the People Who Caused His Arrest.

The most unthankful man in New York, and probably the maddest man in North America, is Louis Goldberg. He is a painter, and is spending Thanksgiving day in jail, all because of his name. Goldberg was arrested on Tuesday on a judgment given in the Fourth District Civil Court in favor of Harry Feingold for \$3.50 against Alexander Goldberg. The judge was fixed at \$200, which he cannot give, and he was not allowed time to send word to his wife. An "Evening World" reporter went to 172 Henry street this morning to let her know of her husband's whereabouts. The flat was locked and she may be scouring the streets for him.

(From Yesterday's Last Edition.)

Why Father Knickerbocker Is Thankful.



Because Miss Brooklyn has said: "Yes."

town looking for him. Meanwhile Lawyer Klein has out a writ of habeas corpus made returnable before Judge Freedman to-morrow, and then, if he is telling the truth, the unfortunate painter may be set free. When Goldberg came down from his cell to the office at the call of the reporter this morning Keeper Casey tried to cheer him up. "Take a brace, old man. Don't be cast down. We've got turkey, cranberry sauce and mince pie for dinner to-day. You'll have a whole pie," said Casey, heartily. "Sir," replied Goldberg, turning impressively upon his jailer, "rather bread and water and freedom." The reporter assured Goldberg, if he were telling the truth, he would surely be free to-morrow. "Ah! but to-day," sighed Goldberg, "and the crime of keeping an innocent man in jail for an hour." It was admitted that it looked like a pretty hard deal, and efforts were made to break through a possible false pretense on the prisoner's part. His denial of the debt could not be more sweeping, if he were charged with offense committed in March. "I never saw or heard of Feingold or his business," he declared. "I have had absolutely no transaction in which I owe such a sum as \$3.50 or anything like it. My name is Louis, and I never have called myself Alexander or Aleck, or anything that could possibly be confused with Alexander, and I am simply not the man who is wanted." There are 25 Goldbergs in the City Directory, and probably many more in the city who are unrecorded.

Strangers Welcome, He Says.

A correspondent complains that at All Souls' Church, at St. Nicholas street and Madison avenue, strangers are not welcome, and are booted about when seeking a seat. Rev. H. Heber Newton is pastor. He resides at West Hampton, L. I., and only comes to the city to preach on Sundays. The action of the church, however, explains that all seats are reserved by the year, but every reasonable effort is put forth to accommodate strangers. Seats are held until after the first lesson is read, he declares, when strangers are entitled to all unoccupied seats. After that time preachers must take their chances.

Smoke • PROBABLY HERE • The New York Organ, Nov. 29

EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK.

PENNSY WILL FIGHT.

The Quakers Expect to Lower Harvard's Crimson To-Day.

Even Money Rules the Betting in Philadelphia on the Game.

A Most of Visiting Alumni Add to the Staid Town's Unwanted Stir.

(Special to The Evening World.)

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29.—The staid old Quaker City has shaken off its lethargy for the nonce, and in its place assumed a garb of almost fanatical enthusiasm. High and low alike are to-day doing homage to the canvas-clad warriors of Pennsylvania and Harvard. Never in the history of college football in this city has so much interest and enthusiasm been manifested. The city is filled with the adherents of the rival teams. Everybody is in the utmost good humor, and football weather reigns supreme. A cloudless sky and cold wind, the latter somewhat tempered with the genial rays of old Sol, who seems to smile a welcome to the warring horde from his eminent height. These are the elements which will materially contribute to making this afternoon's game one of the greatest in the history of the sport.

Supporters of the two teams were both early this morning, and large delegations from other colleges are mingling with the crowd, displaying the colors of their own favorite. The finishing of the red and blue, crimson, orange and black, blue, red and white and many other colors gives Chestnut street a kaleidoscopic appearance. Every train coming into the city was crowded. Several specials brought a large following from New York, Boston and Baltimore, while the suburban trains furnished great contingents to the rapidly swelling crowds which presented a most animated appearance. Philadelphia is football mad. The sidewalks leading to the stadium are thronged with the colors of the two teams, showing no partiality in the display, master in which direction their hopes lie.

At the Metropolitan Hotel, the headquarters of the Harvard forces, everything is bustle and excitement. The team came down to breakfast, thoroughly refreshed from their long journey yesterday. Capt. Emmons was brimming full of confidence and expects to carry off the scalp of the Quakers. Charlie Brewer's ankle is giving him considerable trouble, and the team's physician will decide at noon whether he is in a condition to play or not. The Harvard crack line is bent on taking part in the contest.

The same order of things prevail at the "Varsity" dining-hall, where the Pennsylvania team is religiously guarded from enthusiastic students and the curious onlookers.

Cap. Knickerbocker feels much better this morning, and does not doubt that the unbeaten record of his team will be unimpaired after the contest. Betting has taken a new lease of life. Even money is freely wagered on the result, and the Quakers are backing their favorite freely. Several bets of 1 to 1 that Harvard will win have been registered, while one enthusiastic supporter of the red and blue bet \$100 to \$500 that Pennsylvania would defeat Harvard worse than Yale did.

The umpire question has been settled at last. Judge Elias, of Yale, will be the referee; Paul J. Dashiell, umpire, and J. A. Garfield, linesman.

The teams will line up as follows:

Pennsylvania. Positions. Harvard.
C. M. Delbert.....Left end.....R. W. Emmons
C. J. Vandenbure.....Left tackle.....R. H. Hallenbeck
W. G. Woodruff.....Left guard.....W. C. Mackie
C. N. Wharton.....Center.....Frank Shaw
C. H. Wharton.....Right guard.....R. H. Shaw
J. H. Wharton.....Right tackle.....B. G. Waters
C. H. Wharton.....Quarter-back.....R. D. Wren
C. H. Wharton.....Half-back.....R. D. Wren
C. H. Wharton.....Full-back.....J. C. Fairchild

Record of Previous Battles.

Between the two colleges is as follows:

1885-Harvard, 4; U. of P., 0.
1886-Harvard, 2; U. of P., 0.
1887-Harvard, 2; U. of P., 0.
1888-Harvard, 2; U. of P., 0.

Serum Cure for U. S. Marines.

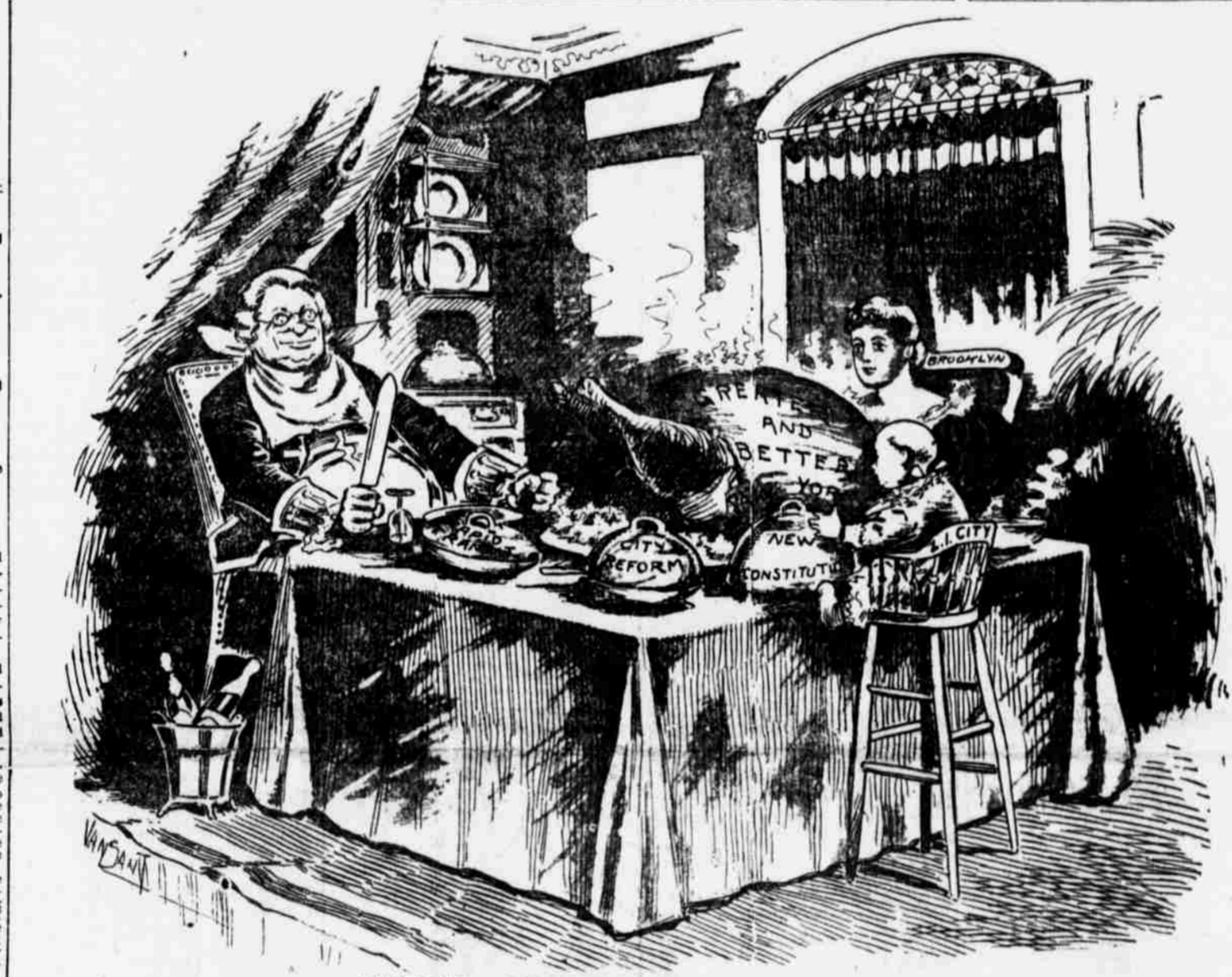
Dr. J. J. Vinyard, Post Assistant Surgeon of the Marine Hospital Service, has arrived on the Lahn from Bremen. Dr. Vinyard was sent abroad as representative of the United States Marine Hospital Service to attend the Medical Congress at Bremen, and to make a thorough study of the new serum cure for diphtheria. His experience in the new treatment, and says it is to diphtheria, in the first stage, what vaccination is to small-pox. Dr. Vinyard has made arrangements to introduce the serum cure in the hospitals of the Marine Service.

Carroll D. Wright on Strikes.

Labor Commissioner Carroll D. Wright will deliver an address upon "The Benefits of Strikes," this evening, at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, of Brooklyn. Dr. Wright is a well-known labor leader, and his address will be of great interest to all who are interested in the subject.

Pepper Brand California Wines.

Produced from best famous varieties of grapes, Superior to Scotch-whisky. Imported by J. J. Peppercorn, 100 N. 7th St. New York.



FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S TURKEY.

(From Yesterday's Last Edition.)

COTTON WILL GET ON FIRE.

Two Bales Suddenly Blaze on the Mallory Line Pier.

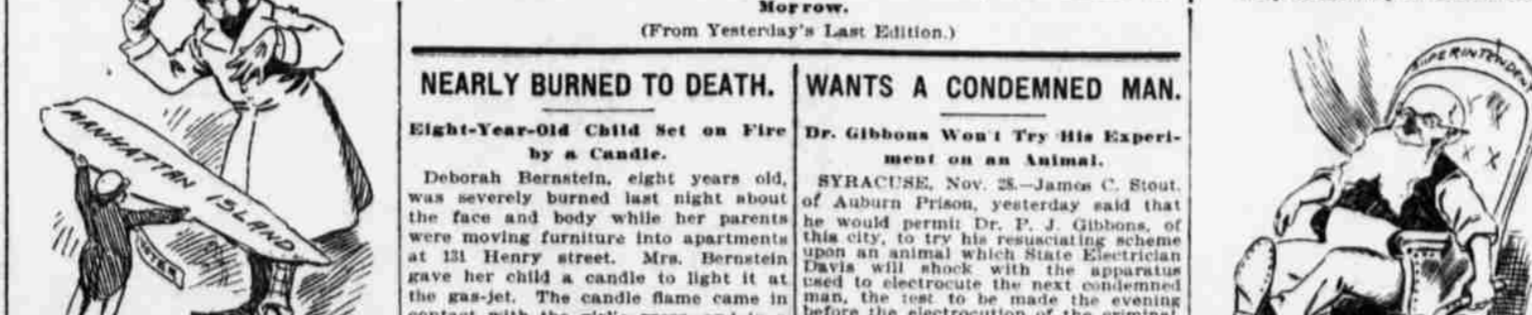
A couple of bales of cotton on the pier of the Mallory line, Burling slip, East River, caught fire at 6 o'clock this morning. It threatened to destroy the pier with its thousands of bales of cotton and tons of merchandise. The cotton had been discharged from the steamship Leona, which arrived yesterday from Galveston. Evidently it had been smoldering in the hold of the ship. Within a week two ships of the Mallory line have suffered from mysterious fires in cotton in the hold. The blaze of this morning was as mysterious in origin as the others.

(From Yesterday's Last Edition.)

CHINA'S TURKEY.

It Looks Very Much as Though It Would Be Ready for Dinner To-morrow.

(From Yesterday's Last Edition.)



NEARLY BURNED TO DEATH.

Eight-Year-Old Child Set on Fire by a Candle.

Deborah Bernstein, eight years old, was severely burned last night about the face and body while her parents were moving furniture into apartments at 131 Henry street. Mrs. Bernstein gave her child a candle to light it at the gas-jet. The candle flame came in contact with the girl's dress, and in a few seconds she was in flames. She rushed to the hallway, screaming with pain. Morris L. Sallinger, a tenant, ran about her assistance. He threw his coat around Deborah, burning his hands severely. L. Levine, a youth of seventeen, flung his overcoat around the screaming girl's limbs.

New York State News.

Benjamin Bost, a well-to-do farmer of Clarendon, committed suicide by hanging yesterday. He leaves a wife, two sons and four daughters. C. B. Stewart, arrested in Niagara Falls for passing a worthless check, attempted to shoot himself through the head, but was disarmed. In the lullaby he nearly succeeded in asphyxiating himself with illuminating gas. Jane Dunne, aged forty-five and denuded, was burned to death last night, the bed catching fire from a stove.

To Sell Two 'Prisco Newspapers.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 28.—In the United States Circuit Court Judge McKenna authorized United States Commissioner Heacock, who is Master in Chancery, to sell The Morning Call and Evening Bulletin, newspaper properties, at private sale. George Kneib, the surviving partner, petitioned for the sale to secure a settlement with the estate of his deceased partner, Perkins and Kneib.

Judge Advocate General Wallace.

Ex-Congressman Wallace, of Brooklyn, will probably be Gov. Morone's Judge-Advocate General. The full military staff of the Governor-elect will probably be announced to-morrow night.

EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK.

DAY OF THANKS AND TURKEY.

Celebrants of the Annual Festival Greeted with Glorious Weather.

The Poor Well Cared For.

Private and Public Charities Prepare Dinners for Thousands of Indigent Guests.

Football Game Sadly Missed.

But There Are Other Sporting Events.

Theatres and Balls to Attract the Multitude.

Thanksgiving is with us again, and for those who observe this time-honored and truly American festival, according to modern and enlightened ideas, there is no reason why the day should not be celebrated with more than ordinary enthusiasm here in Gotham.

In the first place, the weather sharpens have not been so far off in their predictions, and a more glorious combination of bright sunshine and crisp, frosty air could not have been provided for the festival occasion. This is something that every one can be thankful for, and especially those who make out-of-door sports a prominent feature of the holiday merrymaking, for there will be no drawback to their enjoyment of the day.

To be sure, there is no college football game to help make things lively about town, but it is suggested that, although this may not be an especial cause for thanksgiving, it will give the people of New York more time to think of what they really ought to be thankful for. It is presumably a day of good cheer, and hundreds of people in this city will find their greatest enjoyment in charitable deeds and in supplying to some of their less fortunate brothers and sisters a few of the comforts, if not the luxuries, of life.

Spreads for the Poor.

All the great charitable institutions and organizations of the city will have their usual Thanksgiving spreads for the poor under their charge, while the work among the outdoor poor is being carried on by other societies.

At St. Barnabas's House, adjoining Police Headquarters, provision has been made for the entertainment of 1,200 persons, not including meals, which will be sent to the houses or rooms of more than one hundred families.

At the lodging houses of the Children's Aid Society dinners will be provided for more than 1,000 little ones. Mrs. William Waldorf Astor supplying the feast for the Bruce Memorial House in Duane street.

Other charitable New Yorkers have supplied the banquet tables in the east and west side lodging houses, the Elizabeth Home for Girls, the Jones Memorial Industrial School and the Tompkins Square Lodging House. Among these are William Bayard Cutting, D. Willis Jones and Mrs. William W. Biome.

St. Andrews's and Five Points.

At the St. Andrews Society, in East Broadway, great preparations have been made for the Thanksgiving dinner, which is there to be given to the poor under Mrs. Lamadrid's supervision. More than 2,000 tickets have been distributed among deserving families, and there is enough to feed them all. A dinner is given at the Five Points House of Industry to the house children at 1 o'clock, while at 2 o'clock the street poor will be invited in and a substantial dinner provided.

Nearly a thousand children will eat Thanksgiving turkey at the home of the American Female Guardian Society, in East Twenty-ninth street, and the United Hebrew Charities will provide for to-day, to-morrow and Sunday, just as we always do at this time of the year. Up to the present time we have been running along the same as every year, working full time. We start up again on Sunday night.

It is not an unusual thing to shut down for a few days. In fact, every Winter the place is closed for short spells. Machinery, for instance, has to be oiled up, and a dozen or so things may happen to cause a shut down. We know of no special reason to have the machinery stopped at the present time. These refineries have not been shut down.

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